

PHILLIPSBURG HERALD.

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PHILLIPSBURG, KANSAS.

LIFE'S LESSON.

O weary hearts that throbb with bitter grief,
And seem to keep time with the aching brain,
O tired eyes that nightly vigil keep,
And pain lips fluttering back the pain,
Remember other hearts are heavy too;
Little we know the crosses others bear;
We hear a laugh and see a happy smile,
And never dream they hide a burning tear.
The sad, sad story that our own lives tell,
Repeats itself in many a human breast;
And in the impulse that drives us on,
We read their sorrows through their smiles confessed.

The sympathy we crave can come alone
From those whose feet have pressed the
same rocky way.
And so we learn the lesson—hard indeed—
That darkest night may bring the brightest day.

—Youth's Companion.

THE CHEST OF DRAWERS.

"Married!" said Mrs. Bubble—"married!" And without another wedding cake nor new bonnet, nor even a neighbor called in to witness the ceremony? And to Abel Jones, as is poor as poverty itself. Mary, I never could have believed it of you!"

Pretty Mary Bubble's eyes sparkled, half with exultation, half with vanity. "It was out of the old lady's neck," said Squire Larkins, mother, said she. "Squire Larkins was there, and Miss Jennie Wynward and Mr. Hall. Abel was shingling the ice-house roof, and he said it must now or never, because he couldn't endure the suspense. And I've got a certificate, all legal and right—see, mother! And as for being poor, why, Abel has his trade, and no one can deny that he is an industrious, temperate young man; and please, mother, fling both arms around the old lady's neck, 'if you'll forgive me for disobeying you this once I never, never will do it again!'"

So Mrs. Bubble—although, to use her own words, she never could get over the mortification of having a daughter married by a "Justice of the Peace"—finally forgave bright-eyed Mary, and consented that Abel Jones should set up his shop at the foot of the farm lane, to commence the conflict of life.

"Though I'm quite sure," said Mrs. Bubble, "that he never will earn his living; and I did hope, Mary, you would have married a man who could at least have cleared the mortgage off the old place."

But Abel and Mary were happy. Where Youth and Love are sitting in life's sunshine, old Crusus is one too many. Let him go his way; who cares for him?

"We shall get along," said Abel.

"Of course we shall get along!" said Mary.

And thus matters stood, when Mrs. Squire Larkins, with a young friend in flounced white muslin stopped at the Bubble farm-house to drink a glass of milk and eat some of Mrs. Bubble's cherry short-cake.

"I hope the bride is well," said Mrs. Larkins, laughing.

"To be sure, thank you," said Mrs. Bubble. "She's gone up to Deacon Faraday's to get their soap for mending soft-soap."

"Abel's well, too, thank you. He's in the shop, now, at work. His hammer is sort of company for me, when I set here alone. I don't deny he's a decent young man enough, if he wasn't as poor as Job's turkey."

And with Mary's eyes, she settled up, and the old furniture was divided. My dear John's wife, she wanted 'The Death of Jonathan,' in a gilt frame, with cord and tassels; so she says, says she.

"Sophia, you can take the old chest of drawers."

"And I knew I was being cheated then; but, la! what's the use of trouble among one's relations? So says I."

"Have it your own way, Abigail Ann."

"And she took home 'The Death of Jonathan' and the chest of drawers. And Abel fixed it up splendidly, with a little sand-paper and varnish, and it was handy to keep old letters, and samples of patchwork, and paper patterns in. But when that fine young lady from the city, as is boarding at Doctor Holloway's, offered her twenty-five dollars for it, it seemed a wicked sin to refuse so much money; so I sold it. And John's wife, she couldn't hardly believe her ears when she heard tell of it. And she says, says she:

"Sophia, don't you s'pose you could sell 'The Death of Jonathan' for the same money?"

"And I knew just how she felt, and I wasn't a bit sorry for her, for she always was a grasping thing. But after it had gone away in Doctor Holloway's wagon, I began to miss it, and I fairly sat down and cried. And Abel, he says:

"Cheer up, mother, says he. 'I'll make you another one just like it!'"

"And so he did. And there it is," added Mrs. Bubble, with honest pride, "and you'd never know but it was the same old chest of drawers. He's dacked it down and flled it up, and turned out claw legs and beat out a set of old brasses to cover the keyholes, until you never would know the difference. And I'm just as well satisfied as I was before."

So Mrs. Bubble put on her things and went to the sewing society when Mrs. Larkins and Miss Wynward were gone, so that there was no one in the big, airy kitchen when Prof. Eldred and his two daughters—maiden ladies of an unchronicled age—slept with their open box wagon and stopped in for a drink of water.

There was the well, under the bowery-apple-blossoms at the back; and there was the gourd-shell, lying in the grass beside the sweep; and the cleanly scrubbed kitchen floor, with its rug at the door; and the ancient clock, ticking away in its corner; and the old chest of drawers, between the two windows.

"Pa," cried Miss Etheldreda Eldred, putting up her eye-glasses, "what a lovely place for work!"

"Quite medieval!" sighed Miss Ermenegarde. "We must have this old Revolutionary relic in our drawing-room, pa!"

The Professor stared around him.

"There's nobody to ask the price of, my dear, said he.

"That's just like pa!" said Miss Etheldreda. "Don't you hear somebody hawking somewhere? There's a carpenter shop just down the lane. Go and inquire—do!"

Abel Jones was working diligently away at a step-ladder, when the Professor's bald head was thrust into his shop.

"Eh?" said Abel, looking very handsomely, in his shirt-sleeves and a scarlet necktie.

"I wish you a very good morning, sir!" said the Professor, politely.

"Same to you, sir!" said Abel.

"I wish," said the Professor, "to inquire the price of that beautiful old brass-mounted chest of drawers in the kitchen of the house yonder. My daughter—"

"No price at all, sir," said Abel. "It ain't for sale."

"If a liberal remuneration, sir, would be any inducement to you—"

"Not for sale," good-humoredly repeated Abel. "Nothing would induce my mother-in-law to part with it."

"An old family relic, eh?" remarked the Professor.

"Exactly," said Abel.

And he went on hammering, and whining the tune of "Robin Adair," while the Professor made his way back through the prickly hedge of gooseberry-bushes and black currants.

Half an hour afterward, Mary, the pretty first cause of all Abel Jones' romantic adventures, ran into the shop, while the Professor made his way back through the prickly hedge of gooseberry-bushes and black currants.

"Bless me, Polly!" said he. "What is the matter? You look half scared to death!"

"And no wonder," said Mary. "There have been burglars at the house. Mother's chest of drawers is gone!"

"What!" shouted Abel.

"And these were left under one of the volumes of 'Barnes' Notes on the Gospel' on the kitchen-table!" breathlessly said Mary, displaying five ten-dollar bills in the palm of her hand.

"Upon—my—word!" said Abel. "It's the old fellow with the bald head. Polly, and the spectacles, you may depend upon it. I thought he looked like an old furniture dealer."

"And poor Abel! not to be able to discriminate between a second-hand store-keeper and the Professor of Aesthetics and Belles Lettres in Higley University! But such is life!"

"But it's stealing!" cried Mary, breathlessly.

"Well, not exactly," said Abel, laughing. "The old thing in itself wasn't worth ten dollars. If they choose to value it at fifty, why ain't bad for us in the light of a pecuniary transaction, eh, Polly?"

"But what will mother say?" pleaded Mary.

"I've got another one nearly finished," said Abel. "I was meaning to sell it to Mrs. Hartington. But I'll just set it up in the old place, and mother will never care whether it's number one or number two that is the thing."

So that when Mrs. Bubble came home from the sewing society, Abel was just setting up a new chest of drawers, and Mary eagerly related to her the tale of the burglary, for so she still persisted in calling it.

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Bubble. "Fifty and twenty-five makes seventy-five. I'm glad I didn't take 'The Death of Jonathan!'"

"This means business," said Abel-to himself.

And he set diligently to work to manufacture another set of drawers, of the "chest of drawers" style, staining them a dark, rich brown, and beating out odd, shell-shaped decorations to complete the illusion. And when the curiosity-hunter came up the solitary road, embowered in elms, where it required considerable engineering for one kind of lute to pass another, Abel sat whistling on his doorstep, ready to drive a bargain.

"Any old furniture or antiques to sell?" the hunter would blandly inquire.

"Not a stick!" said Abel; and then, after a minute's blank silence on the part of the hunter of the aesthetic, he would add: "Unless you'd like to look at this 'ere chest o' drawers as I've just tinkered up. I can't say, up and down, you know, as it's old; but then it is. You can look for yourself. There ain't no date on it, I don't care whether I sell it or not. Nor yet I don't put no price on it. I ain't none of your bargain drivers. If you like it, pay what you think is right; if you don't, why there ain't no harm done."

So that no less than seven editions of the chest of drawers were sold before the season was over. They became the fashion. Every person who bought one had a vague hope of having something a little different from his neighbors. And some of them have never yet ceased to be a date on the auctioneer's old papers or outlived wills among the pigeon-holes and compartments.

And when the season ended and the city-borders went back to their brick-and-mortar wildernesses, Abel bought his mother-in-law a plethoric pocket-book.

"Three hundred and sixty-five dollars, mother," said he. "Enough to pay off the last installment of the mortgage on the old farm. We couldn't have made more money than that if we'd kept a household of burglars, as Polly wanted to do. But I don't mean Polly to be at the back and call of a dozen fine ladies and work her roses off, not while I'm able to work for her."

And the report of Abel Jones' good luck spread far and wide through the county. Mrs. Hopper, the "Abigail Ann of Mrs. Bubble's legendary reminiscences, heard the great news and drove down from Plum Hill to inquire into it.

"If it's true as you've found \$500," said she, dolefully, "in that old chest o' drawers," it's the law as all the heirs should divide equally, Sophia Bubble."

"But it ain't true," said Mrs. Bubble.

"O," said Mrs. Hopper. "I told my husband as it was all a made-up story!"

"Not that exactly, neither," said Mrs. Bubble, laughing.

And then she related the precise circumstances of the case.

Mrs. Hopper drew a long breath.

"I wish I hadn't chose 'The Death of Jonathan,'" said she. "The cord broke, last week, and it fell down and smashed my best set of china. I never had no luck with it."

"And served you right for your greed and rapacity!" said Abel Jones, sotto voce, to Mary, who, in the next room, was helping him to varnish a set of hanging-shelves.

"Hush—hush!" whispered Mary.

While old Mrs. Bubble smiled, and remarked, sagely, that "nobody never knew exactly how things was going to turn out."

"But," she added, wiping her spectacles, "that chest o' drawers' certainly did bring me good luck. It's paid off the last of the old mortgage, and laid in a stock o' real black walnut for Abel to work with, and got a new navy-blue cashmere for Mary. And if that ain't luck I don't know what."

—Saturday Night.

FARM AND FIREBIRD.

—Sheep on Key West Island lose their wool the second year and grow a full crop of hair.—N. Y. Sun.

—Corn Fritters: Mix well together one quart of grated sweet corn, two cups of milk, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of butter and two eggs well beaten. Season with pepper and salt, and fry like griddle cakes.—The Household.

The law of New York provides that the owner or possessor of any dog that shall kill or wound any sheep or lamb shall be liable for the value of such sheep or lamb to the owner thereof, without proving notice to the owner or possessor of such dog, or knowledge by him, that his dog was malicious or disposed to kill sheep.

—In bad seasons honey is apt to be poisonous. This arises from the fact that in such seasons the bees are often obliged to gather it from poisonous flowers. Great care should be taken to remove all poisonous plants from the neighborhood of hives. In 1790 a great many people in Philadelphia died from eating honey gathered from the flowers of the Kalmia latifolia. In good seasons the bees avoid poisonous plants.—Philadelphia Press.

—Cream tarts for dessert are prepared in this way: Beat the white of one or two eggs (according to the quantity you wish to serve); when very stiff, so that you can almost turn the platter upside down without the eggs running off; stir in as much powdered sugar as you can and yet leave the frosting so that you dip the finger in it. If the fig is not entirely covered at the first dipping repeat the process; let them dry in the heater or on a shelf over the stove.—N. Y. Post.

—Potatoes, eggs and cold hashed meats sound very poor and thin and not at all luxurious as they are mentioned in an unadorned way. But if the hashed meat is carefully warmed up with a good flavor and put on to roast, if the potatoes are chopped and browned and put around the meat, if the eggs are boiled, sliced and laid around as a garnish, with a few capers sprinkled over and a border of parsley added on, you have a Delmonico ragout, and Brillat-Savarin would like to lunch with you.—Chicago Journal.

The Preservation of Eggs.

Much scientific attention has been devoted in France to the preservation of eggs. The leading principle of all processes is the protection of the interior of the egg from the action of the atmosphere, and consequently it has long been settled that only the freshest eggs are eligible for preservation. To the solution of the problem of how to prevent the air from penetrating into the egg, the experiment of such eminent savants as Muschenbroek, Reaumur and Nollet have valuably contributed. They all agree that the most practicable method is to envelop the new-laid egg in a light coating of some impervious substance, such as wax, tallow, oil or a mixture of wax and oil, or of olive oil and tallow. Reaumur suggests an alcoholic solution of resin, or a thick solution of gelatine. Nollet experimented successfully with India rubber, colodion and various kinds of boot varnish. In practice, the most successful method has been that of Cornier, of Mans. This consists in covering the eggs with a varnish, the composition of which is kept a secret. The eggs are packed on end in sawdust, and it is said, will preserve their freshness for nine months in any climate. Cornier's process suggested the plunging of eggs for twenty seconds in boiling water, in order to coagulate that portion of the albumen nearest the shell, and then to pack them in vessels half filled with sifted sand. This process, which, by the way, has been well known in some parts of France for many years—yields excellent results, but if neglected but for a second or two, the eggs are liable to harden. The process known as "liming" in England, and as the Cadet-Gassiot process in France, is very popular; you take a well known in some parts of France for many years—yields excellent results, but if neglected but for a second or two, the eggs are liable to harden. The process known as "liming" in England, and as the Cadet-Gassiot process in France, is very popular; you take a well known in some parts of France for many years—yields excellent results, but if neglected but for a second or two, the eggs are liable to harden. The process known as "liming" in England, and as the Cadet-Gassiot process in France, is very popular; you take a well known in some parts of France for many years—yields excellent results, but if neglected but for a second or two, the eggs are liable to harden.

—A prominent Philadelphia dry-goods firm has devised an ingenious way of advertising its goods. It has devoted an entire column in a daily newspaper to an invitation to strangers passing through the city to make that store a tarrying place, affording them conveniences for leaving their hand-bags and parcels, and furnishing checks for the same, and in this way providing a free resting-place.

The New York Evening Telegram says: Tony Pastor was cured of rheumatic pains by St. Jacobs Oil. He praises its efficacy.

Arkansas girl refused to marry her lover unless he performed some heroic deed. He coped with her mother.

Vast merit is inherent in St. Jacobs Oil, and we heartily recommend it to our readers.—Chicago (Ill.) Western Catholic.

—L'ANATOMIC PHILOSOPHY: Remember, young man, that the best friend you've got on earth is a better friend than himself, den he is a teacher. Don't let him die, and you'll be a respectable citizen. While Nature was foolish away her time painting different colors and so on, she was not so foolish as to enslave an underling, I don't see why she didn't contrive some easy way for a child to cut teeth.—Arkansas Traveller.

—A Workingman says: "I feel, poverty and suffering haunted me for years, caused by a sick father and large bills for doctoring, which I could not pay. I was almost discouraged until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I procured Hop Bitters and commenced their use, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have been sick a day since. I want to say to all our men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than a doctor's visit will cost."—Christian Advocate.

—EQUIPMENT: Are there any signs of a hard winter? There are! Seven English lecturers threaten to visit this country.—Boston Post.

Personal.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and many vigor. Address as above. No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 9, 1882.

CATTLE—Exporters.....\$11.00 \$11.00

COTTON—Middling.....10 1/2 10 1/2

FLAX—Good to choice.....10 1/2 10 1/2

WHEAT—No. 3 Red.....1 1/2 1 1/2

CORN—No. 3 Red.....75 75

OATS—Western Mixed.....25 25

POK—Standard.....22 1/2 22 1/2

ST. LOUIS.

COTTON—Middling.....10 1/2 10 1/2

BEEVES—Fair to good.....5 00 5 00

FLAX—Good to choice.....10 1/2 10 1/2

WHEAT—No. 3 Red.....1 1/2 1 1/2

CORN—No. 3 Red.....75 75

OATS—No. 3 Mixed.....25 25

POK—Standard.....22 1/2 22 1/2

TOBACCO—Dark Leaf.....60 60

HAY—Choice Timothy.....15 00 15 00

WHEAT—Choice Daily.....10 1/2 10 1/2

POK—Standard Mess.....22 1/2 22 1/2

LARD—Prime Steam.....11 1/2 11 1/2

WOOL—Tub washed, medium.....25 25

CHICAGO.

CATTLE—Exporters.....7 00 7 00

HOGS—Good to choice.....4 00 4 00

SHEEP—Good to choice.....4 00 4 00

FLAX—Good to choice.....10 1/2 10 1/2

WHEAT—No. 3 Red.....1 1/2 1 1/2

CORN—No. 3 Red.....75 75

OATS—No. 3 Mixed.....25 25

POK—Standard.....22 1/2 22 1/2

NEW ORLEANS.

CATTLE—High Grade.....4 75 4 75

HOGS—Good to choice.....4 00 4 00

SHEEP—Good to choice.....4 00 4 00

FLAX—Good to choice.....10 1/2 10 1/2

WHEAT—No. 3 Red.....1 1/2 1 1/2

CORN—No. 3 Red.....75 75

OATS—No. 3 Mixed.....25 25

POK—Standard.....22 1/2 22 1/2

NEW YORK.

CATTLE—Exporters.....7 00 7 00

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SHEEP—Good to choice.....4 00 4 00

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Artesian Wells on the Plains.

Vast areas of the Western country, not only in the plateau between the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky Mountains, but east of the latter range, have never been available for agricultural purposes on account of the lack of water. The soil is good enough, and with irrigation the desert would blossom as the rose; but the water for irrigation was not available. Commissioner Horace Beach has been appointed by the Bureau of Agriculture to go West and superintend experiments in procuring water by means of artesian wells. Mr. Beach is a practical artesian well operator, formerly of such dog, or knowledge by him, that his dog was malicious or disposed to kill sheep. Senator Hill, of Colorado, was the originator of the scheme. After hard work he succeeded in 1879 in getting an artesian well bill passed in Congress, and an appropriation of \$30,000 to carry out the work. The bill was passed, and was introduced to Commissioner LeDuc, and under his management the appropriation was exhausted when the first well was down only 800 feet. Competent judges have since estimated that LeDuc's well could have been sunk for \$600.